

a tribe called quest

THE LOVE MOVEMENT



A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Start It Up"

[quiet eerie voice] Yooooo....Yooooo...I hope ya'll ready...
Are ya ready? Here we go....

[Q-Tip]

What ya deal with...uhhh...
What ya deal wit'...what ya deal wit'...
Turn me up some more?

Incognito, speakin' to ya
Feel this, have it, makin' music
Men and women, boys an' girls an'
Welcome to the movement, the fifth wit' improvement
Aristotle, Plato, Freud
Yeah right, Abstract, never void
I make it easy for ya'll to boogie down to
Hard to the ground, ooh the Tribe with the sound boo
Touch me, tease me, feed me, squeezy
Take it easy, never sleazy
Promise that I will not answer
The phone when it rings love, while we do out thing love
Never fakin', it's late, spirits
Through the music is our mission
Honies who were not cooler than the ghetto rebel risin'
To overthrow a ruler
Dearly beloved, dearly departed
There's a reason why we did it
Cuz it's inside the body and the hearts
So here we are fam let's start, c'mon...

[CHORUS:]

Don't beat me in the head with the bullsh*t bat
C'mon everybody let's start *[x2]*

Ummah, Mos, Jane Doe, Willy
Punchline, Wordsworth, SV, Chrissy
S.O.S., Tribe Called Quest
Get it off your chest, say it: "Tribe Called Quest!"
Can you feel it when it hit right
Can you feel it when we do it
Truth, power, taste, devour
Niggaz in the street here comes the illest beat now
Move oceans wit' your mental
Think it, do it, be it, embellish
Here's another point for everyone to relish
When Ski busts his tools all ya'll foes will embellish
For somethin' wicked at ya'll faces
What I see is longin', needin'

Hey I got you with that goooooood stuff
And ya probably won't get enough
Ay-yo, lyrics I got it, lyrics, cadence
Do it with fun and patience
Funky, rhythmic, characteristic
Ebonically linguistic wit' the ghetto futuristic
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay....

[CHORUS x2]

Beat me in the head, don't beat me in the head
Don't beat me in the head, don't beat me in the head
Don't beat me in the head, don't beat me in the head
Don't beat me in the head, head, head, head...

So here we are fam let's start, so here we are fam let's start
So here we are fam let's start, so here we are fam let's start
To the Ummah family lets start
A-yo get off your ass and let's start, A-yo, here we are fam let's start
C'mon, get off your ass and let's start, here we are fam let's start
Here we is fam let's start, get off your ass and let's start
Here we are fam let's start, get off your aaaassss-ah-ah-ah-ah
Ha ha ha ha ha...let's start

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Find A Way"

[Chorus:]

Now you caught me heart for the evening
Kissed my cheek, moved in, you confuse things
Should I just sit out or come harder?
Help me find my way

[Q-Tip:]

Messing me up, my whole head
Teasing me, just like Tisha, did Martin
Now look at what you're starting
Schoolboy's crush and it ain't on the hush
The whole world sees it but you can't (uh)
My peoples they complain, sitt and rave and rant (come on)
Your name is out my mouth like an ancient chant (say what?)
Got me like a dog as I pause and pant...

[Phife:]

Speaking of which, got a leash and I wish just to rock you miss (come on)
Make a militant move, peep my strategy (what?)
End of the day you're not mad at me (uh)
Not dealing with nobody, now that's what you told me (what?)
I said: "hey yo, it's cool, we can just be friendly" (come on)
'Cause yo, picture me messing it up
Her mind not corrupt with the ill C-Cups
Shit, I'm on my J.O. (come on)
Bullshitting, hoping that the day goes slow (what?)
Got me like a friend, what confuses me though
Is kisses when we greet, tell me what's the dill yo? (dill yo, yo, yo...)

[Chorus x2]

[Q-Tip:]

Now why you wanna go and do that, love, huh?
Making things for me towards you harder
Killing me, just when I think we're there
You got the whole vibe and the flows in the air
Telling me 'bout next man
But next man ain't the nigga with the plan
Who got your heart in mind?
It's about time that you just unwind (come on)

[Phife:]

And let it just happen, make it front-free (uh)
Just sweat me like Money Penny (uh)
Digging you, getting inside of your stee (what?)
It's the Quest that keeping you company
Forever, or however you want it

[Q-Tip:]

Word word, now wait a minute now before you jet it to the curb (yeah, yeah)

Start to make affections, which is good not the hurt

But it, it aint me, and I, I ain't blurred (uh)

I'ma still just chill with you

Maybe things could change if you change your view (come on)

If not then I guess it is cool (yeah)

just, to keep to yourself and abide by the rules, right

check it out now...

check it out now...

like that now...

check it out now...

wha wha now...

check it out now...

yeah yeah now...

check it out now...

check it out now...

it's like that now...

check it out now...

yeah yeah now...

check it out now...

what you say, what? what?

[Chorus till fade out]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Da Booty"

[Q-Tip]

Question

What is it that everybody has
And some pirates and theives try to take

[Chorus]

Da Booty (and if you is a crook than you takin' it)
Da Booty (and if you got money you shakin' it)
Da Booty (come on everybody that's here, that's word
to Phife Dawg and my man Shaheed)

[Q-Tip]

I give my promise to all y'all to keep my shit hittin'
Half of y'all claim dog but now a light kitten
Flippin' on brothers just like Mary Lou Retton
Get off that ass and see what I'm settin'
Born with this inside, you just can't get it
This is the lethal pop and you have no weapon
Who is the native brother who keep asses steppin'
make deep impressions and constantly be reppin'

[Phife]

When I was young I'd stretch gouch yo
Now I'm on Letterman, on the couch yo
the black thing with knives is called the back do'
can't we be cool instead of being foul though
Ghetto child dreams of fast cars and fast dollars
Impressions of live sometimes makes ya holler
Scream all that devil shit and talk like a scholar
You dumb as a doorknob, and why do you bother

[Q-Tip]

Phife Dawg puttin' the bite back in yours
Top dog, puttin' it up, flick his balls
MC from now til I get a frown
Shake that ass girl because you world renowned
Wake up, look at the sun, see the sights
Bull duke, you've got to die for your rights
MC's, y'all got to work for the mic
Zombies, do it from dusk to the night

[Chorus]

[Q-Tip]

Rock to the beat, yo it's never the same
Good girls usually got good game
Hot cats tearin' that ass out the frills

Block ass, you had no skills, that's the reals
Make this money without the friction
Take this honey, there goes your diction
Rappers better retreat, fix your joints
My whole crew got bumps on they points

[Phife]

Rumors being spread 'bout me and my click
We can't rock shows and our rhymes ain't shhh
Might not've heard it, or maybe you have
Between me and you, they can kiss my ass
Used to get angry, used to get quite vexed
But say what you may, just cash my check
'Cause all I'm ever guilty of is going on tour
Doing shows galore, and bringin' it raw

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Steppin' It Up"

(feat. Redman)

[Q-Tip] Phiiiiife Dawg

[Phife] Yo Kamal

[Q-Tip] Reggie Noble

[Redman] Up in ya!

[Q-Tip] Yo Busta Bus, yo it's time to step up

[Busta Rhymes]

You know I plas-ter, the little bas-tard
and mastered the real way you slap the bitchest niggaz backwards
Hah! Uh-oh, ayyo, whenever Busta Rhymes say so (mmmhmm)
when we move yes (mmmhmm) sometimes we lay low (mmmhmm) ayyo (yo)

Big up my little nigga Pedro

Make you after the L like turkey, cheese and to-ma-to (to)

Fuck is that? Especially for niggaz that will pay no
attention to instructions, like they still wan' disobey y'all

Wonderin how it's activate real quick?

But then I could grow about five feet more with an extra dick!

One dick to hold in my hand when I'm rockin the mic

The extra dick to blow up the pussy for the rest of the night

Then I return with more lyrics like a bunch of rough niggaz

They tough niggaz that snuff niggaz (hah)

I know the club got enough niggaz (huh!)

to slap your face, expert, who the next jerk, to make me
exert heat? FUKKIT, let me network!

[Redman] Ha-hah!

[Q-Tip] Yo Reggie Noble

[Redman] Feel me, yo Busta Bus

[Busta] What up?

[Q-Tip] Yo Phife Dawg, yo it's time to step up

[Phife]

Yo what the fuck, ungh!

Check it here, peep the four-man transaction (action)

Phife diggy Dawg, we on some Todd Shaw mackin (mackin)

You know my stee', there's no time for relaxin (relaxin)

Word to Reggie (Phife Dawg) yo it's _Time 4 Sum Aksion_

Girl swing yo' ass, I can feel you climaxin (climaxin)

Don't even front, you know you wanna make it happen (make it happen!)

Yo Busta Bus, do you hear Violator faxin? (mad faxin)

Eighty G's for one show (eighty G's yo) that's satisfaction (satisfaction)

Now which emcee feel like he fuckin with dis heah? (This here)

Word to Queens, I keep shit hot like a canish, yeah (Nish yeah!)

Malik is back, I'm here to make you look foolish (foolish)

My roughest niggaz in the Apple (Apple) on Coolidge (Coolidge)

Remember White Shadow? My click stay sharper than an arrow (c'mon)

Plus in Trinidad I'm treated like the mighty sparrow (uh-huh)
Freestylin son, like there was no tomorrow (fuck it up nigga fuck it up)
Hence the reason why your bitch ass would love to follow (what?)
Two different toasters in your chest will make your shit hollow
How's about them apples, oh is it too hard to swallow?
Push your wig back, word to Big Moot and Bolo
Billy Razor, Fudge Lover, on down to Shine Lightro (Love Movement)
Yo Bootsy takes this mic from this fool see, make him run it
Five-foot invasion son, you can't run from it

[Busta] Yo Reggie Noble
[Redman] Blaooowww, yo Phife diggy!
[Phife] What up?
[Busta] Yo yo Kamal it's your time to step up!

[Q-Tip]
Check it out, the original, shit, we makin it
Takin it, to the extremes, we breakin it
When we get, inside a zone then you feel that it's good
All you jelly cats stop marinatin my wood
Niggazm grab the mic with loads of malarky
I bring the knowledge and wield the anarchy
Put it on pooh-butts who's unsettled with ignorance
Give the last sentence with poignance and diligence
Eighteen wheelin through niggaz like truckers
Breakin ankles, put it on like we at the ruckus
Guaranteein that shorty can move it around
In the place that gets you hot but leaves you here on the ground
Contenders don't you even think to challenge the crown
Of these brothers who so elequently hold the beat down
Fuck the rigamarole, we vyin for the control
We the musical equation of the whole entire nation

[Q-Tip] Yo Phife Dawg
[Phife] Yes Kamal
[Q-Tip] Busta Bus
[Busta] What up?
[Q-Tip] Yo Reggie Noble yo it's time to step up

[Redman]
Yo yo
I'm just a ill nigga who don't got it all up stairs
Riding dick, get the balls til they come in pairs
Oh yeah, throw the goggles on these engineers
Cause it might, get kinda wet when I spit this here
Yo, I'm six-foot-one with a big ass gun
To carry it you'd need a waistline the size of Big Pun
But I move crowds without a gun
like if -- The New York State Lottery is ninety nine million!!
Hah-hah, yo, when it's time to flow I suprise and blow
five hundred thousand units off a dime a trow
Forty below, I'm thorough when it's time to throw
the caboose, I'm even hard to be touched by a masousse

Whoo-who! Funk Doc gets the money
and best believe I went through more trees than Sonny
Me, Kamal, Busta Bus, Phife Dawg
Shittin, pussy niggaz get Lysol!
Heh heh heh

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Like It Like That"

[Q-Tip]

OOOOOOOHHHHH Ya *[echoes]*

Say What?

We was in the back of the joint cooling out

And I saw this girl

Asked her if she like it like that

Nod her head yes, therefore I didn't stress

Let my beat keep knocking cause we rock it like that

Bust your ass slow, as if you didn't know

Put my mic inside your brain zone, dis home dis

It's the rhyme, it's the beat that vibe all together

That makes the competitors sound like this

Really do I care yo, I let down my hair

When the music's up loud man, I jums real that

Lyrical valow, in club, in the go

In jeep in America, Tribe go mad

Females ride when my niggas just ride

With the songs we creating and musically relating

Sex niggas talk, my body's in chart

Meanwhile they boot shaking

On some funk shit faking

Wait, I can't front, stick men

Here's a few who really come to do

What they say gonna do

Back at the ranch

There's no car branch

Everybody gonna move when we say move

Do you like it?

Say yeah if you like it like that

YEAH!!!!

Do you like it?

Hell yeah if you like it like that

HELL YEAH!!!!

Do you like it?

Tell me if you like it like that

YEAH!!!!

Do you like it?

Verse two if you like it like that

COME ON!!!!

[Q-Tip]

Who could be the one

Rhyming ill, having fun

Blowing up, making musical memories and things

Elevate your thoughts on the vibe that we brought
While we climbing we shine like a super bowl ring
You could do it too
I mean hot like we do
It's a lot like we do and make your own mark
It's deeper than the song
Hope you live your life long
When you win, how you start, kid you gotta have heart
Niggas in my shit, move
Give a nigga room
Back it up, it's a grown man making on time
Plus you damn similar to Newport's
Smoking ain't a new sport
Smoke you sister in vendible
Gotta spread love, no matter where you are
Where you at, where you went
Cause nobody want beef
Fountain is good, just flows like a river
Just go with a nigga, kid my stay ain't brief
Put your heart in the day, in the night, family Enemies but yo I
really don't wet that
We was in the back of the joint cooling out
And saw this girl
Asked if her if she like it like that, yo
You like it that *[repeat till fade]*

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Common Ground (Get It Going On)"

[Q-Tip:]

Who that at the door? (Yo, Tip, it's her)
What you doin here, in front of my face? [x3]
You didn't want my...you didn't want it
To go somewhere, you all on it
But if you want to, then you can come here
Come here, yo

[Q-Tip:]

Have you ever met a woman that just took your breath?
So deep inside her life, she contemplated death
Can't help but get attached to a woman like that (true dat) [x4]
The contact was quite immediate, I had to attack
(Because you the man, yo, you know you the man)
We related and debated over food and tunes
Started out in September, now we enterin June (say word) [x4]
Simple night in the crib, no, it just won't do
(no it just won't do, no it just won't do)
Because she liable to start shit that's wildin you
(wildin you, wildin...)
She wanna push my whip, buy diamond chips
And take on trips, conversin my flip
Gotta do her hair, take her out to the fair
When a jake be there, make sure you don't stare
At another one comin, don't be startin nuthin
Be a slave to her, don't be brave to her
Make sure that she's right, make sure that you're wrong
When she wants to do it, make sure that it's long
f anyone wanna make it work it's me (Phife Dawg help me out) [x2]
But we gotta come through with common ground baby
Any man, he can claim to be the one for you
But put it straight to your lover in life runs true

[chorus:]

And if it's me then let's get it going on [x4]
Get it going on, let's get it going on
And if it's me then let's get it going on [x2]

[Q-Tip:]

Phife Dawg in the break, is she more than you can take?

[Phife:]

See, I'm not the one to be taken advantage of
And if you really think about it, I got nuthin but love
Now if your heart isn't in it, please let me know
There's no need to waste time, if it's no, then I'll go

[chorus:]

And if it's me then let's get it going on *[x4]*

Get it going on, let's get it going on

And if it's me then let's get it going on *[x2]*

Get it going on, let's get it going on

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"His Name is Mutty Ranks"

[Phife Dawg]

Live and direct, live and direct!
You know what live and direct mean?
Live and direct, come!!!

Yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah, how you be, how you be?
From New York to A-T-Aliens, youknowwhat! 'msayin?
Word up, do it like this
Word up word up, do it like that
And you don't stop, and you don't quit
Unless you're in the studio doin wack shit
Yo check it

Boom batta, watch your teeth shatter
All that shit you pop in your jams, it won't matter
Bust your whole grill, now watch that joint shatter
I'm the Captain of the ship, FUCK a William Shatner
Emcees be poppin shit when they squeezin they cake batter
Claimin they style be fat, but guess whose style is fatter?
The ill beat jacker, emcee attacker
Fuckin with the Diggy it don't, get no blacker
Malik is Zach Taylor, ey the stress reliever
Brown eyed shorty, chocolate like Godiva
Fuck what you heard I'll make YOU a believer
Me gettin burnt, that's like a white girl named Shareema
You never see her, cause she's the black like Sarafina
Set shit off like Monifah, nickel like Khadija
So girls with fat asses and tits, nice to meet ya
Do five plus five equals ten? Ask your teacher
For God so loved the world he said Phife, ask your preacher
Love to toot my own Horne, similar to Lena
Before I take stage, I take sips of Aquefina
Fucked Judy Jetson now they call me Jet Screamer
Love my coffee dark so you can keep your dairy creamer
Tribe fallin off well youse a got damn dreamer

Hah, yaknahmean?
A word up a word up a word up a word up yo
Have you heard the one make the crowd rock?
Tribe Called Quest we haffa do it non-stop
Listen to the radio we're never goin pop cause
ya nah ready for dis yet, bwoy!
Say ya nah ready, say ya nah ready
Say ya nah ready for dis yet, bwoy!
Say ya nah ready, say ya nah ready
Say ya nah ready for dis yet, bwoy!
And we out like that, fuck that

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Give Me"

(feat. Noreaga)

[Chorus]

Doin' our thing in Queens
We had dreams about bein' emcees
And there was no concern about so and so
And these record companies
But now we all are grown
And the spots is gettin' blown
Boyz II Men, ABC, BBD
Nah, we ain't none of them, B
Give me
So give me
Nore, Phife Dawg and Abstract
Give me
To everyone in the world
Nore, Phife Dawg and Abstract

[Noreaga]

Yo when I rap, all my niggas love Abstract
Yo, from Far Rock to Flushing, concussion
Every time a nigga rhyme it's like we get our bus' on
I used to ride a dollar van and really get my bus on
Yo, from South Don to El Segundo
All my niggas gettin' high yo, and still livin' on the run though
Get alot a dough so now we have a lot of fun though
Q-U, two E's, N-S
All we really care about is money, cheba and sex
what what what

[Q-Tip]

niggas get faded, never outdated
Give it to the world, 'cause for long they waited
Shorties online to cop the new CD
So hip-hop'll bust nut in graffiti
We could two-piece it or we could just seize it
Shorty, you're my shit, 'cause my style wild decent
What's it gonna be, the party or the precent?
Queens cats rock, keep it rugged and recent
my nigga Nore thug it out (thug it out, no doubt)
Phife Dawg buggin' out (buggin' out, no doubt)
The Love Movement no doubt (Love Movement, no doubt)
Ali Shaheed get a shout (shout it out, no doubt)

[Noreaga]

Yo better things, hold on, take a time out
Huddle up, yo, Queens niggas won't fuck it up
Keep my southside niggas just palyin' the cut

While my Queensbridge people stay roughin' you up
East Elmhurst, Carona, latola
Keep the caller ID on the Motorola
Gotta keep the po-po on the payola
Queens niggas shut it down, now it's all over

[Phife]

One nine two, the Bully fram Lou
Merrick Van Wig holler Shaft got brew
Head up Jamacia Ave, cop a tape by DJ Clue
Move to the acre, sippin' on a guinney booze
Scoopin' ladies up in babies makes my day complete
Freestylin' over beats for my peoples in the street
This is a place where stars are born
Linden to Lawton, we keep it hot like porn

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Pad & Pen"

(feat. D-Life)

[D-Life]

This is the master D-Life
as we set it off with my mans A Tribe Called Quest
And uhh, we got to do it like this baby
We got to do it like that baby
We got the good shit not the bullshit, yaknahmean? Ha hah
We bout to count it down, we bout to count it off
It goes a-one, two, three, ahh!

[Q-Tip]

Malik we gettin back into that shit again
And when we rhyme, brothers need to break they pens, uh-oh
It's The Love Movement never ends
The rap game'll never be the same again
(Phife Dawg where you at baby?) We came again

[Phife Dawg]

Here I come again, you feelin fine?
The Dawg is like a overflowin rhyme from mind
Usually mess with shorties whose a 8 or 9
Shorty bump around to the bass-line

[Q-Tip]

F keeps a burner on the waist-line
That cat's trickin off, I ain't wastin mine
You feel the uniqueness, you seekin this?
And when we do it, we be freakin this

[Phife Dawg]

Don't even front, you know you feelin this
My shade is borderin around licorice (licorice)
Enjoyin this tune, glad you playin it
(Aiyyo Phife what's the hook?)
Here we sayin it, SAYIN IT, SAYIN IT

[Chorus: with D-Life]

My pad and my pen (ah ah, you didn't go there)
The beat and the blend (say word, you didn't go there)
The party won't end (you know, we got to be there)
Just keep your ?, buildin with friends, yo

[repeat x2 w/ variations]

[Q-Tip]

One love, one life, and one destiny
It seems that the devil keeps testin me

Got the illest part of the recipe
Yo tell your homegirl to stop stressin me (stop it)
Undressin me is the part you really like
Brothers hold the cracks now they holdin mics
The cusses you get, ? steady rights
Marauders, we did that shit at Mid-night, a-ah-aight-aight

[Phife Dawg]

I love it when my honeydip be slobbin me
Don't take it personal it's just comedy
My comedy completely turned to tragedy
I sense some of these rappers still be mad at me
Sweatin her because of her anatomy
When I bang you it'll be assault and battery
Don't make me discombobulate your micraphone
Talkin trash will only get you freakin head, flown

[Q-Tip]

Uhh, buy em out the box, never faulty ones
Get in that ass like karate son
I act with the light, sometimes it's lookin grim
We manage a smile, sometimes we slip it in

[Phife Dawg]

My Tribe be worldwide like the Nike swoosh
Emcees be soundin moist like vagina juice
The top of the world, we pursuin it
Don't worry about a thing, cause we doin it
DOIN IT, DOIN IT

[Chorus x2]

[D-Life]

That's the way we do.. c'mon, that's the way we do
It's the nigga D-Life, with T-C-Q
That's the way we are.. and the beat won't stop
Got to blow it up for the top..
Didn't think you knew how we rock..

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Busta's Lament"

[Phife Dawg]

Fuck the car-jacking, Phife Diggy is rapping
Got dawgs with love and plus dawgs that's packin
So what's the deal Captain, if it's time for some action
Watch me roll with hon, try to push her back
Which one of these niggaz, think they fuckin wit dis?
Put your money on Queens, yo these cats is pissed
Meanin hot green and stinky, see shorty there winkin?
Hit her off so hard, that her eyes start blinkin
Then massage her down, with the word serene
It's the Dawg For Pres, new star on the scene
And I'm here for the battle, right down to the letter
If it rains today, then it's a double-header
Range Beemaz and Benz, 1100's and Jettas
Phife Dawg for whatever, just get it together

(Just) get it together

(Just) get it together

(Just) get it together

[Q-Tip]

Just get it together
No matter the weather, or where you at
This is how we gon' do it, cause we keep shit fat
You gotta

(yo yo) do it (yo, yo yo) do it

(yo yo) do it (yo, yo) do it

(yo yo) do it (yo, yo yo) do it

(yo yo) do it (yo, yo) do it

[a lot of "yo" from Busta Rhymes]

[Q-Tip]

Didn't you read the news, did you heed the alarm
It was good overall, it said that we was the bomb
I'ma make the call, and I hope you respond
We the stars y'all, and everyone beckons far
You a star and you shining, I'm one and I'm rhyming
Let's get together, start intertwining
Yo you coming with me, somewhere where you can't see
with his bonafide joints, underneath the sea
Of confusion and glitter, nobody's a quitter
Try to front and get ripped, from your ear to your shitter
Gon' put it on harder than anyone did
It would benefit you to keep a wide open lid
Makin sho' shot shit, makin sure you shine

Takin shows for sure, takin hearts in time
Do it all for the rhyme, and the rhythm and things
When we do it we bangin, like we inside the bang
Ain't doubtin nobody, when we inside the jam
But I'm proud overall, and I know who I am
As the constellation gets brighter this writer's goin

(yo yo) do it (yo, yo yo) do it
(yo yo) do it (yo, yo) do it
(yo yo) do it (yo, yo yo) do it
(yo yo) do it (yo, yo) do it
[continues with variations]

[Know Naim]

Aiyyo, yo, this is Bebe LawdLawd
Bigga BeBeBeBe LawdLawd, from the Know Naim
Aiyyo we doin this, LP, to the world...

[a lot of "yo" from Busta Rhymes]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Hot 4 U"

[Q-Tip]

Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
Knew a girl named Shelley
Six-pack belly
When we made love she made it shake like jelly
Put her own video star on my tele
Lived in the Bronx on the block named Fortelly
Had to be jetty cause this sucker hold netty
Kept blowing me up, her jonesing was steady
Told my man Louie that I really wasn't ready
Louie when we did it, man, we both got sweaty

[Phife]

This girl from my past
Had ridiculous ass
She attended UMASS and she passed every class
Walked down the hall with her stuffed up sass
Told the basketball players, she liked how they pass
But when I use to hit it
The ball cat, she quit it
She wouldn't ad-mit it
But shorty was addicted
(Say Word) Word, Nigga you heard
Like a fiend with a queen when he catches the bird

[Q-Tip]

Knowing how we living I'ma talk about Mayo
?Sagartery and mommy? Her love was a KO
We was on the under, had to stay on the lay low
Use to go so deep, she had to say Aiyyo
Rock with her friend, but her friend drove both way
Asked her about it and she used to say No way
Just let it go yo, I used to say OK
Just another day but fight anyway

[Chorus:]

[Q-Tip]

I put it down man, whatcha gonna do

[Phife]

Well hell, I put it down son, whatcha gonna do

[Together]

We put it down for the area crew
All the shortys that smoking y'all whoo
Looking good it you sipping on your brew

Come here ma, we make it hot for you
Come here ma, we make it hot for you
Come here ma, we make it hot for you

[Phife]

Met a shorty named Kenny
From East Saint Louie
Body good and plenty
The finest in Missouri
If you had no money, you better hit the highway
Even in her own right, she had to do it her way

[Q-Tip]

It was an ill situation when I met Dantanya
Worked in Saint Louis, in her mother's hair parlor
Use to hit her man for cake to come see me
Her and her man from home, they sold heemey
We had it hemmed, locked, sold and shit
When I thugged it yo, she said I was the ultimate
Broke her up kid, driving the drill like Truck Turner
All of things they did not concern her
People that we love yo, we love for a passion
I'ma type of cat that brings forth the action
You feeling me yo?
I hope you hearing me yo
One more thing before you start cheering me yo

[Chorus:]

[Q-Tip]

I put it down Phife, what we gonna do

[Phife]

Well hell, I put it down son, whatcha gonna do

[Together]

We put it down for the area crew
All the shortys that smoking y'all whoo
Looking good it you sipping on your brew
Come here ma, we make it hot for you *[repeat till end]*

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Against the World"

[Intro: Phife and Tip]

Back at you,
Right back at you,

[Verse 1: Tip and Phife]

Drove around the block,
Drove a lot,
Lookin' all around,
Don't see no cops,
Whispered in your ear, a ghetto star,
Sittin' on my lap inside of my car,
Lookin' at my lips, take a taste,
Taste yours too, rub your back,
Run your fingers on the logo of my baseball hat,
Moonlight dancin' inside of your eyes,
Close your legs, I start to sigh,
Now I reach down to unlace my Nikes,
Kick off your Adidas 'cause that's what you like,
Chris Tucker joke passed inside of my head,
Put the thought away think of you instead,
Hot outside, it's hot in here,
Roll down the window the breeze in your hair,
Your earrings shake, you a baby doll,
You say you want me but did you want them all??.
Make me feel special, I know that you can,
Make me feel special like a prominent man,
Prominent, dominant McCoy and I'm real,
Another brotha's fan? Forget how he feel/

[Chorus: Tip and Phife]

[Repeat 4x]

Me and you girl go against the world,
Against the world?,

[Female voice] Hell yeah the world

[Female voice] [Repeat 3x]

Yeah the world,
Yeah the world,
Yeah the world,
Whole wide world,
Yeah the world,
Yeah the world,
Yeah the world,

Whole wide world,
Yeah the world,
Yeah the world/

[Verse 2: Tip and Phife]

Zonin' undress ya??? Still hold play???
Or can you hold my hand, it's better that way,
If we was on video I'd press rewind,
A nigga think about you all the time,
Pidgeon dropped a note on top my head,
R&B, pop girl's a thoroughbred,
Run around the track, let me slow you downnnnnnn...*[Pause]*
Pick you up,
Raise your cups,
Let's double up,
Bomb came known, natural disas,
Fall in love with me? huh, well that's that ass,
Wanna get you, inside my world,
Process, straight, afro or curl,
Stretch me out, fade me in,
Forever you in need let me see you grin?
He bust with you, I'm a tap his chin??
Make me feel special, I know that you can,
Make me feel special like a prominent man,
Prominent, dominant McCoy and I'm real,
Another brotha's fan? forget he feel/

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"The Love"

[all vocals by Q-Tip]

So many people, right now
Motivated to shit
Bull shit over some bull shit ass reasons
But we 'bout to put it inside of a love perspective like
Love it

We do it all for the love y'all
Yeah, we do it all for the love y'all
Weither white, black, Spanish, ain't a thug y'all
We do it, we give it all for the love y'all
We just givin' it all for the love y'all
We do it, we do it all for the love y'all
We in the party, put your hands up
Yeah y'all, we do it all for the love y'all

Love getting down and I love a cool breeze
Love seein' checks from record companies
Love lovin' love 'cause I love what I do
And we do our thing for the one nine two
And the rest of the country 'cause we from there too
Makin' sure love is givin' when I get it from you
Everybody, we regulate the party and shit
Love it when I get a little rugged wit' it
Love the circumstance to make my dough flow right
Love rockin' mics plus the ill style nights
She does it real good but love'll make it mo' better
Got me kind of open in the DK sweater
Love when my peoples come home from jail bids
Really love women and I really love kids
Love tight gloves where the muisc just bang
Camp-ass with gas women or shorty got bangs
Lovin' it

Yo yo, I'm lovin' it
Love a women when she got a tight outfit
Outfit meaning outlook and disposition
You love it when a nigga cause a love composition
Love peanut butter and jelly on wheat
Wylin' out, makin' hot shit to hot beats
>From Ohio to Poughkeepsie
>From Phoenix to NC
>From Cali to DC
Love it when the pressure falls righ on me
Love it when God keeps on overlookin'
Do a tight show so promoters keep bookin'

We do it all for the love y'all
Yeah, we do it all for the love y'all
We get the paper but it's still for the love y'all
>From the heart inside of the heart y'all
we do it, we do it all for the love y'all
For real, for the love, for the love y'all
All my peoples in the ghettos, for the love y'all
All my peoples all around, for the love y'all
For the love love

For my crews bomb, where my peoples still at
If they call me and I don't call back
For weeks at a time, love is still intact
Let's be big about it, and realize the fact
Love it, when the underdog comes through
Ghetto revalizer, overthrow these rules
Love it, when I get spared another day
Used to drink zay while my niggas weighed yay
Love it, when I gain control over this
Life is really bigger than the roly on my wrist
Got a twist to this shit and the answer's inside
Sho as the world's small and the missisipi's wide
Had to rock a vest over unchoosed fest
Now I see people rockin' theirs in jets
Love it when my loved one really hold me down
Brand new flight and I'm takin' off ground

We do it all for the love y'all
Check it out, we do it all for the love y'all
For the love y'all, for the love y'all
For the love, for the love y'all
We get the paper but it's still for the love y'all
Yo, we do it all for the love y'all
For everybody, for the love for the love y'all
Weither white, black, Spanish, ain't a thug y'all
Yeah, we givin' y'all this shit, the love y'all
Just the love inside of the heart y'all
Yeah, for the love for the love y'all
Yeah, for the love for the love y'al

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Rock Rock Y'all"

(feat. Mos Def)

[Punch] Yo! We about to rock this joint, from the family. And
we want ya'll all to know, that it's time...

[CHORUS all:]

To rock rock ya'll

Freak freak ya'll

To the beat ya'll

It's unique ya'll [2x]

[Punch]

A-yo praise the master, make plans wit' your pastor
My rap'll blast ya, send you to the hereafter
I push a tractor, for horses grazin' in the pasture
Ya heard I was trickin', the whole room filled with laughter
In ciphers, I'm the one you don't rhyme after
You only know half of the math, it don't add up
The lead batter, my hits make ya frame shatter
Watch me now! Just begun like Jimmy Castor
I'm bad luck just like walkin' under ladders
Mad rappers, book of life, last chapter
Me and my squad build just like contractors
I break shit, you only give hairline fractures
Women flash us, don't know ya better ask us
A bastard, wit' more contacts than Lens Crafters
Tear down the rafters, venerials couldn't clap us
You need practice, hit chicks then I'm Casper

[Jane Doe]

The church of scientology, feminine biology
Manic depressive psychologically, A.D.D. alive and we
Polluted by technology, the fumes and its ecology
While your thought you was out of copy I get nastier than sodomy
Probably an oddesey, started back on robbery
Was the degree of the economy that do the sovereignty
Regarded as a prodigy, leery in sociology
Let the wallabees always conceal my gynecology
Rhymin' pathologically, that's how it gotta be!
Never makin' no apology, worshippin' my anthropology
Fuck modesty, studyin' microbiology
Causin' verbal lobotomy, it's in my geneology
Six months of sobriety, movin' very methodically
Like a unicorn, more ways than oceanography
Guard technology, rip shows antibiotically
True thugs bionically, give birth to criminology

[Words]

Yo as a youngin', I swear to God you couldn't tell me nothin'
I swore I was gettin' somethin', clothes or humpin'
For girls with the church, slacks with some shirts tucked in
I set it up for money, my mom worked when I was cuttin'
Unsigned strugglin', for the heat I lit the oven
One would by the CD, the other would do the dubbin'
Before I met Rob, I was in the clubs frontin'
Oh yeah I know the Tip, when I see him I be duckin'
But now when I'm clubbin', those that used to dis were buggin'
Overweight chicks, spandex, they stomachs sucked in
Stay interruptin', dance and try to cut in
Told people you got in free when you really snuck in

[Q-Tip]

We never get concerned about who's in the league
We just stay workin' so no one will need
An unconcerned outsider givin' niggaz feed
My niggaz puff weed but negotiate the seed
The family is granite and you can't intercede
I try to switch lanes at this operatin' speed
Cats in the game be gamblin' with greed
We the house, you the player and we gonna catch these
Who's the Sam Sneed makin' microphones bleed
Poker face creed while my mind just read
Shorty got rhythm but her freak got freed
That's insignificant but this take heed

[Mos Def]

They say I'm pretty like Clay is, bright like the day is
Beats from my fleet be sweet like Sugar Ray is
I'm swingin' this from Bay Ridge to where the Oakland Bay is
My game is tough to play, I'm tough to weigh like your safe is
The aim is, to make you recognize what the name is
Mos Def gon' set it straight from where the 718 is
The place with the great superiginate the flavors
An all-star block with some all-star laymans
(Turn the music down!) This is probably some haters
Achin' cuz they hear us rotatin' on the playlist
>From B-boy laces to Detroit gators
Yo Tip I got to bail, where the scale? Help me weigh this...

Yo! We wan't ya'll to know...that this is the family, right?
And what we want everybody out there to do...on the dance floor...
is get ready...because noooooowwwwww we gonna...

[CHORUS [x6] to fade out]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Scenario (Remix)"

[Busta Rhymes:]

Here in 1992, we present the fabulous what's the Scenario remix
Where as there are 7 MCs.
Six which are in physical form, one which is in spiritual essence
And he goes by the name of, uh...HOOD!

[Hood:]

Check the vibe, punk that ass again, god
'F' it (SHIITT!!) ! I lay buckshots
Hood, madman, I rip up stages
Lay down your wages, I'm wild like Larry Davis
Extra, extra, pick up a clip. I'll tear that ass out the frame (HUH!)
And grab my dick(OH!)
By the beats that I bump, I kick and drop bombs
I'm rugged and deadly, so I shit on the petty
A musical badder bastard, I'm bad news
I'm crazy and clever, cut holes in crews
Death on the phono, my skills are dolo
You say 'oh no', you bitch ass homo
I bag up waste, electrifying, I'm primetime
I slaughter slime, I'm the greatest of all time
Sick ass brotha, nasty ass nigga
Pump slugs in your face and jump that ass in the river
Two tears in a bucket, fuck it, kick the can (SAY WHAT, SAY WHAT!!!)
I'm a bad, bad man

[Phife:]

Quick is how I flip from the tip of the lip
Punchin out hits like Gladys Knight and the Pips
The 5 foot assassin has just raided your area
Your booty rhymes are wack and that's the reason why I'm hearin ya (SO!)
Pull out the red carpet cuz I'm kickin this
Vanilla Ice platinum? That shit's ridiculous
Excuse my French, but profanity is all I knew
And to you other sellouts, oh yeah, 'F' you too
And let it be known, I'm not the one to step to
You better off callin D-Nice to your rescue
Freestyle fanatic, probably the best around
As for corny MCs, like Chuck D, I 'Shut 'Em Down'
The Artical Don of hip-hop and I won't stop
The 5 foot assassin has come to wreck 'nuff shop
So do like Michael Jackson and 'Remember the Time'(DO YOU REMEMBER?)
Put on your dancin shoes or somethin cuz you sho' can't rhyme

[Milo:]

(BIG UP BIG UP!) Into new eternity
Next was said somethin that complies onto me
What does it take to check a technique (MANY STYLES, MANY STYLES!)
Hostile heat brings forth the energy
Milo in the dance is the new identity
One, two mic check, select for the ruffneck
At a 10 to 1 bet, I come CORRECT!
In my cyphers are blocks, I bring box to connect with knots
So I can grow dreadlocks
Maintain the rock DON'T STOP THE ROCK!!!!
Maintain the rock (DON'T STOP THE ROCK!!!!)
Kick it right, then not, E. Watt said not
I put my mug up, so fair is fair
So C. Brown are we in the clear? (Yeah!)
C. Brown are we in the clear? (Yeah!)

[Charlie Brown:]

Makin moves y'all (MOVES Y'ALL!)
On and on and on (CHECKA, CHECK IT OUT!!!)
To the breaka, breakadawn (WHO'S THAT?!?)
Guess, one of the LONS and A Tribe Called Quest
(EAST COAST!) to West
Remixed mad kick more than Metallica
To all ends like the Battlestar Gallactica
Stampin, stompin, rompin Compton
(PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD!!!) I'm promptin (STYLE!)
Pick a style, any style, Strong Isle
Representation, sensationalization
Scenario for the radio, BLS and KISS, so
(HERE WE GO, YO!) Yeah
Force, Main Source LP on the rise
In Living Color was seen through original eyes
And I'm out like shout, Ooh Ahh, Ooh Ahh
(OOH AHH, OOH AHH!) There it is baby par

[Dinco:]

Vine, limb on a limb, slim chim
P I am, there I am (THERE I AM!)
Don't run from a blim
Sight be be right, be polite for mice like a Mike
SEE SICK, SEE SYKE
And slip away and off to the Poconos
Spot bring the flows, might swing the fruity poles
Yamaha (YAY-HA-MAY!)
Let's split the funk, now it all spells (HEY!)
Enough, enough, misfitted I'm with it
If I did it, I would split it and probably shouldn't have quit
Cuz yo, my public status act Knight like Gladys
Take rest space tests and yo, I'm like the maddest

Male, not female, hail from Uniondale
Bounce the beat for the beat pole cuz beats are bein yelled
In the hallway always ringin with a HO!
This is my 2 times 9 on the Scenario

[Q-Tip:]

Check it out everybody, rhymes and mics
Black mens gettin hip, DOIN WHAT THEY LIKE!
Eight black brothas in the public eye
If you listen very close, then I'll tell you why
HOOD!, Phife, Milo, Dinco and C. Brown
Shaheed, myself and Busta Bust Brown
Will commence to rock (ROCK!), so bring on the flocks (FLOCKS!)
Interrogation for the knockin of the box
The boom-box ruler controls the medula
None come cooler, I win like Shula
So bust out the moves as you start to pursue her
Intensified mind, non blunt consumer
Tip will come booty (WELL, IT'S ONLY A RUMOR!)
The beat is so sick, that it starts brain tumors (TUMORS!)
Peace to Hood baby from the midnight crooner
Smoke him up later, if not, then sooner

[Busta Rhymes:]

Hey what we gon DO! in '92, even though we had FUN! in '91
Quick to turn my day, all things comin down
Run up on the new sound, leavin cracks in the ground
What's goin on my man (GOD DAMN!) and now my brain is hurtin
Busta, rhythm will hit 'em, then I get 'em
Rip on 'em, shit on 'em, hit on 'em, then I will sit on 'em
Open up your mouth if you want the food
Take in full, Flipmode, cuz I'm in the mood, Uh-heh, uh-heh
Yeah man, that's how it goes
Body drippin with blood comin out your nose
Give me a band-aid, what are you askin for? (MORE!)
All in your secret and pure
Adverse, they said, check it and I bust a new rap
Rap, Busta Rhymes, and bust this wicked rap
Yeah y'all in '92, I'm packin my ant spray (ANYWAY!)
Tickle it, Tribe Called Quest, Leaders of the New School
Mad brothas would still think...Rhow, Rhow, Rhow!!!
To my dragon, baby, stop whining
I see my influence still shining
More crazy in '92, uh oh, time to go, yo
That's the Scenario!

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Money Maker"

[all vocals by The Lone Ranger (Q-Tip)]

This is the Lone Ranger
If you're one of the fortunate to purchase this
A Tribe Called Quest, The Love Movement album
You are privileged to witness the first in a series of attempts
To rectify music from it's rectulness
Again, this is the Lone Ranger with his first installment
Money Maker
Listen

Colder in the winter
And hotter in the summer
Get on up
Get on up
Live your life right when you be corrupt
Volcano about to erupt
Get it up, Get it up, Get it up

Got the motivating joints that keep your ass jumping
Why when a nigga get on, you want something
Yo I got the posinious traps for little rats that fiend
In come the bedroom dream
Kick it at a slow or at a quick tempo
A ladies' disposition won't fuck with the mental
I'm built for conflicts with chicks with issues
I can lick the wounds bring ease with miss yous
Bringin' all the pain and makin' things shiver
The beat make you bite your nails and shit your liver
And we gonna give a encore performance
Haters seem doormant while my presence is enormous
Tarnations, I went gold
Streessed out with Faith but told cats to get a hold
Who is the nigga who's mic is stronger
Rock for an hour and he might rock longer
Kid you're perplexed, seems I better get to gongin'
The clean up man, hang you up like on and
Don't step in the arena, that's a stern warning
I'm the pops, I raise the sun like morning
Seems you're still sleeping, hey, stop the yawning
Open up the blinds and witness the dawning
The new application and I'm the applier
And I'm a set it off like fire
Yeah yeah, that's where it's at
Make it hot and phat and like Puff (I like that)
Now I got to urge you on to move ahead
Don't dread, 'cause I keep the stock in the shed

And if you need a boost, then I got the jump
Because we prone to make the party go bump bump bump bump bump bump
Where you is, if you the baby daddy then uplift the kids
Get back and plan, don't be on front flossin'
Incognito, you heard the name quite often
You dressed in black and been issued a coffin
I thrive on this plain, you off to the lost one
Like cayon pepper, it gets hot to the better
>From each little dash it get the whole smash
It's tasty too, so satisfy your whole pallid
Fake ID's are revoked, they're invalid
Infractin' bodies out on the dance floor
Is what I wanna see, not less but much more
The lyrics just spewed, he got good reviews
The kid made the news, how he left no clues
On how he just murderlized the whole damn jam
He just got results that's smiles and waved hands
The mission could never be accomplished, however
Until we bounce to a autumn where hot weather
And still we'll be able to rock and rip crowds
While other emcees say nuthin' and talk loud
While other emcees say nuthin' and talk loud
If you with the Tribe, chest out and be proud

Shake your money maker
Shake your money maker
Shake your money maker
Shake it, shake it

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Hot Sex"

[Chorus]

[Verse One: Phife]

Ayo who wanna pull on Phifer long time no hear from
Suckers walkin' around talking about they could get some
But that pop is non cypher, no can do
And if you think I'm a dope, then ask the other crew
And I proceed to let you know, exactly how to flow
I'm not Lawn Doctor so just step off with the hoe
Oops my mistake I didn't know you went with her
Should I run down the line of the all the kids that done hit her
Don't be bitter, I hear that honey resembles a critter
I heard she likes to do one-one my man John Ritter
But back to the subject you can't catch wreck
You must get respect, to earn respect
Suckers think they could herb me cuz know I where specks
You're full of jokes, but you your name ain't flex
I got the riches, the bitches, I'm large like a Huxtable
You think you're all that but you're girl's quite doable
Yeah, I'm tellin' you G, to back up off me
I'm not a mad cohort, but I'm not Mr. Softee
Rappin' is an art, coming straight from the heart
So forget the chart because the action can start

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Q-Tip]

Where ya at? To all my peoples with the funk
I'm the undercover brother dump your hoe in the trunk
Save all the sad songs and the tearjerkers
Niggaz step up it's the lyrical worker
The poems that I create ain't in paper back books
The poems that I create are for hookers and the crooks
My mental is excelling cuz I dabble in the books
I'm not the one to front on, so suboops-suboops
Yo I gets the pickens, I'm such a damn Dickens
If you step to this then the plot just thickens
I'll run you around the track like a bunny and a dog
To me, your just another MC on the log
A link on the chain, fluid on the brain
I boast of hype lyrics, and yours are mardane
See I can't maintain, especially if you come back
I'm the lyrical master blaster, yeah I can do that
I can also do your girl, so leave the hoe at home
Cuz when I get done, I'll have her strung on bones

It's the no-joke pressure, that elevates my mind
Makes me pick up and go when it's time to drop a rhyme
My title is locked, the Abstract poetic
I'm in the idle mode but my energy's kinetic
So smooth and debonair, especially for the ear
Gotta keep my thing in gear cuz it's evident and clear
That I will rock, rock, rock *[fades away]*

[Chorus]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Oh My God"

[Q-tip:]

Listen up everybody the bottom line
I'm a black intellect, but unrefined
with precision like a bullet, target bound
just livin like a hooker, the harlett sounds
now when I say the harlett, you know I mean the hott
V-A-V-A-Vader, the brothers in the spot
Jalick, Jalick ya wind up ya hit
Captain of the poets, I'm the #7 pick
lick, lick, lick boy on your backside
lick, lick, lick boy on your backside
listen to the fader, Shaheed lets it glide
Tip the earthly body
heavens on my side
even in Santo Domingo
Can I gotta Gringo
we got mikes when do we go
know a little nigga who can rhyme when you ask me
short, dark, and plus his voice is raspy
Phife Dawg
1 for the treble
2 for the bass
you know the style Tip
it's time to flip this
I like my beats hard like two day old shit
steady eatin booty M.C's like cheese Grits
My man Al B. Sure, he's in effect mode
used to have a crush on Dawn from En Vogue
it's not like honey dip would wanna get with me
but just in case I own more condoms than T.L.C.
now the formula is this Me, Tip, and Ali
for those who can't count it goes 1-2-3
The answer (scratch-Damn right I'm) Hiccup is how I be
brothers find it's hard to do but never me
some brothers try to dis my malik
you see'm ditchin me
now cure all the B.B. M.C.'s my shit is hittin
trainin gladiator, anti-hesitater
Shaheed push the fader from here to Granada
Mr. energetic, who me sound pathetic
when's the last time you heard a funky diabetic?
(I don't know man [3x])
(I don't know [2x])

[Chorus:]

(Oh My God yes, Oh my god [x10])

[Q-Tip]

Complimentary it be
the theif of Poetry

I got a humdinger comin hook line and sinker
the TIMBO hits with the prints underground
TIMBO's on the toes, i like the way it's goin down
down like the lady of the evenin
when it goes in Toots just beleive the sin
cuz Queens is the county, Jamaica is the place
Take off your boots cuz you can't run the race

[Chorus:]

(Oh My God *[x14]*)

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"Jazz (We've Got...)(Re-recording)"

[Q-Tip:]

Woo...Grand groove, grand groove [2X]

Rough, rough, rugged
Tough like a nugget
Listen to the Abstract Poetic, don't snub it
The Midnight Marauder is the hype beat arranger
Don't front on the lyrics or the two cuz it's danger
Hook you like a junkie, you'll flip like a monkey
To the openness of the rhythm, so proceed because I'm funky
I get down, down like a fly hooker's panties
Make you catch a spirit and motivate a fanny
I be the fly poet, rappers, they get jelly
Upset when I rock, cuz yo, they beats is smelly
See, I got it goin on like a Forbes tax return
Listenin to these lyrics when it's hot will make it burn
Baby burn, baby burn, up into the heavens
The skies up above, the one you think of
Is the highly regarded, hell of the people
Your mic and my mic? Come on, yo, no equal
So if ya wanna do it to yourself
That is to mess around with the jazz, then just blame yourself
Cuz you made your bed, so now you lay in it
That's your (shit) on the floor, then go and play in it
I refuse to catch a 'L' in a battle
Cuz yo, I got the jazz and I'll whup a rapper's (ass)
Into little next to nuthin
Test me if I'm frontin
I'm passin flyin colors cuz yo...

[Chorus Q-Tip:]

Who got the jazz? (We've got the jazz) [7X]

We've got the jazz

Come on

Come on, Phife

[Phife:]

No need for introductions cuz you know who I be (the Phife Dawg)
Yep, the one who loves to slaughter MCs
I got style, grace and razamatazz
I'm like my girl Patrice Rushen, yo
I add pizazz, now
Most people remember Phife from the Phife like smoothness
But now it's time to hit you with roughneck rudeness
I'm still vexed, fuming, gots to come raw
The first punk that tries to flex, I'll be cracking your jaw
I'll mold you, fold you, roll you up like a spliff

Don't ever try to test or else that (ass) will get whipped
I'm forever poppin junk, its like a fat invite
To any MC who wants to flex, yo, we can do this tonight
Gel up my posse up on Linden and 1-9-2
Pull up my brothas from Sayers Ave., the Brooklyn Zoo
All my crew up in Strong Island, so yo, don't sleep
Cuz it only takes a peek to watch that (ass) get beat
Brothas wanna play rough, but they can all get some
Wanna be hero, but you're a zero, that means you gets none
Don't ever try to step to a kid you can't get with
Why mess with a brotha that your girl once slept with?
I'm a negro, he's a negro, wanna be a negro too?
But beatin on a woman, is somethin that a puss would do
I love jazz, but that doesn't mean that I'm timid
Not really a gangsta rapper but I can swing it for a minute

[Q-Tip:]

Who got the jazz? (We've got the jazz) [3X]

Come on

Who got the jazz? (We've got the jazz) [3X]

Come on

I go...woo...grand groove, grand groove

Ooh...grand groove, grand groove

Check it out

We got the jazz y'all [3X]

[ad lib]

A Tribe Called Quest Lyrics

"One Two Shit"

(feat. Busta Rhymes)

[Intro: Q-Tip, Phife Dawg, Busta Rhymes]

One two, one two
One-wa-wa-one, one two one two [3X]
Yo it's the Q-Tip, you know I get down
Yes I rock to the rhythm of a funky sound
It go
One-wa-wa-one, one two one two [2X]

And it's the, Phife Dawg, and I do the same
And when it comes to rippin mics aiyyo it ain't no games
One-wa-wa-one, one two one two [2X]

Aiyyo you know it's Busta Rhymes, ev-ery time
Oh yes, I'm comin wicked with the new design
I'm sayin
One-wa-wa-one, one two one two [2X]

[Verse One: Q-Tip]

MC's ain't coming equipped with the rhymes
Don't do the crime if you can't do the time
The time is eternal when you play with the miser
Soul is in my body, and the health make me wiser
The tantalizing wordplay yeah that's the joint
Sometimes I have to cuss just to prove my damn point
Brothers need to come, with better, compositions
I write, and recite, to make, good position
In this, rap game here, we en-gineer
Stabbin up the jam yeah son shit's clear
And I be kickin rhymes in my own damn way
Beatin niggaz to the punch like Sugar Ray
Got the cool-ass style, that's cooler than the cool
My lyrics is the bullet and the mic is the tool
Peace to C-Seventy-Three, and C-Seventy-Fo'
Do a little somethin when I'm out on tour
Comin thru like narcotics for the antibiotics
Flappin shorty's stockings to the Space-like Sprockets
What you really need to do is just boogie your ass
It's not gassed, we got to make the good times last
Let the good times roll, cuz we in control
Take you out on your high less you payin a toll
Let the good times roll, let the good times toll
Take you out on your high less you payin a toll

[Verse Two: Phife Dawg]

Question
Why is that, MC's be wack
And major labels wanna sound like crap
Aiyyo Funk Dat!
Word to life I'm comin rugged
Cuz once you add the hip to the hop kid, it equals out to love
If the beat's fat I use it, some wack shit, I lose it
Refuse it, how could you chose it, it stinks Renuse it
Put down the mic kid, cuz you gets no dap
How long did it take for you to see you can't rap
The name is Phife Dawg, and I got nuff style
It doesn't take long for me to get buckwild
So bust what I'm swingin what I'm swingin when I swing
I rap when I rap cuz I never wanna sing
Go ask the last MC what happened when he said battle
I bust his ass in Cleveland now he's Sleepless in Seattle
Rude bwoy official comin with the ill grammar
Comin back on kids, like Joey Montana
We be the three MC's to make your mind go batty
Mad play, on WKRP in Cincinatti
So lord send a hon, if ya kyant send a han sen a man
An if ya kyan sen a man, come yaself
Cuz all deez bitin MC's, lawd dem somethin else
See I kick the styles that'll make ya ass melt
Money on my mind so never mind a trick
New York is the town and the team is the Knicks
World's greatest five footer rippin parties apart
Here comes Shaheed with the big green shark
Never had to rhyme about feelin what with lead
NEVER MIND DAT MON HERE COME DE DREAD

[Verse Three: Busta Rhymes]

We comin farrrr farrrr farrrr
Busta Rhymes is comin farrrr farrrr farr
ya know ya hear me Star!
Bet your bottom dollah
Right after this jam about one million one two niggaz go follow
Whether it be to-day or to-morrow
Niggaz be collaboratin sickening
you beat them like they father
Ohhhhh shit check out what I saying
Ah-hah ah-hah ohhhhh ah-hah ah-hah
You know my niggaz don't be playing
Once upon a mah-hah-hacking time
I received the opportuni-ties to represent my first rhymes
To define, lyrical sensations
Black masons blowin up the spot
Just to represent the Nations
Three dimensions, tryclops, Mr. Busta Rhymes three eyes
Fat like a burger and fries
Mama-so-mama-saa-mamma-ma-ko-sah

Go back to the country to go check my grandmama
Eeeyah!! Bring it to the table at the meetings
Gathering large receivings delivering intellectual ass beatings
As I carry on with my proceedings
Greetings!! Watch a nigga debut on premier movie screenings
But before I be face to face with my eternal resting place
I hope you find civilized every soul and every race
Sit dog sit!
Busta Rhymes forever on that ultrasonic shit!